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KING

of the Royal Mounted





DUCK LAKE FAMOUS PLACES OF THE NORTHWEST

FORTY MILES SOUTH OF PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN, LIES A LOVELY LAKE SHROUD LIKE A FLYING DUCK. CLUMPS OF POPLAR TREES DOT THE ROLLING LAND WHICH SURROUNDS IT.



FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY ONE OF THESE POPLAR GROVES BORE THE SCARS OF CANNON FIRE---- ARMED AT THREE DESPERATE OUTLAW. THE BATTLE IS STILL REMEMBERED BY LIVING MEN.



THE LEADER OF THE OUTLAWS WAS A MISGUIDED CRÉE INDIAN NAMED "ALMIGHTY VOICE." ARRESTED AND SENTENCED TO A MONTH IN JAIL FOR SHOOTING A COW HE HAD ESCAPED.



SHORTLY AFTER HIS ESCAPE, "THE VOICE" SHOT DOWN A POLICE SERGEANT WHO CORNERED HIM. TWO YEARS LATER, A POLICE SCOUT FELL TO HIS DEADLY MARKSMANSHIP. THAT WAS MAY, 1897.



A SHORT TIME LATER, "ALMIGHTY VOICE" AND TWO COMPANIONS WERE SURROUNDED BY POLICE IN THE GROVE NEAR DUCK LAKE. THEY DIED UNDER CANNON FIRE AFTER SHOOTING FIVE MORE MEN.

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KING

of the Royal Mounted

ADrift

THE "BOHEA" A SMALL COASTAL VESSEL, CARRYING EMERGENCY FOOD SUPPLIES TO AN ISLAND SETTLEMENT, RAN INTO A SMALL ICEBERG DURING A SNOW STORM AT NIGHT.



AND SERGEANT KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED, IS HURLED FROM HIS BUNK BELOW.



ON HIS FEET IN AN INSTANT, HE PLUNGED UP THE "LADDER" TO THE DECK.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





WHAT CAN WE DO NOW, CAPTAIN?
THE RUBBER'S SMASHED, TOO----
AND THE LIFEBOATS' RADIO IS OUT!

WE CAN DRIFT---TELL THE ICE PACK LOOKS
AS IN! WE'RE THIRTY MILES FROM
ESKIMO BAY!



CAPTAIN HILL, THERE'S AN ESKIMO KAYAK
ABOARD---A ONE-MAN CRAFT! I'LL TAKE IT,
AND HEAD FOR THE BAY! THE ESKIMOS WILL
HAVE BOATS...

---I HOPE YOU CAN PERSUADE
THEM TO LOOK FOR US---IF YOU
EVER GET THERE, SERGEANT!



MOMENTS LATER----

CAST LOOSE WHEN I
GIVE THE WORD, MEN!

AYE-AYE,
SERGEANT!



SO LONG! REMEMBER TO SEND UP ROCKET S FOR
THE NEXT TWO NIGHTS!

GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT!

AS GRAY DAWN BREAKS, A FAMILIAR SOUND STRIDES KING'S EAR.

WALRUS--BELLOWING! SOMEWHERE UPWIND THERE THEY ARE, ON THAT ICE FLEE!



ACROSS THE HORIZON, THE BLACK-BROWN MASS APPEARS, RIDING A BIG, FLAT FLOE OF ARCTIC ICE.



REMEMBERING THE HUNGRY CROWDS ASHORE, KING PRODDLES HARDER, A PLAN FORMING IN HIS MIND.

I CAN MAKE A PRETTY GOOD GUESS AT THEIR POSITION AND RATE OF DRIFT! COULD SPOT THEM AGAIN, I THINK.



AND TWO HOURS LATER

EXACTLY A STRANGER!



HELLO, DEPUTY! IF YOUR PEOPLE AND HUNGRY--- THERE'S A BIG HERD OF WALRUS OFFSHORE!

EXACTLY DEPUTY! KING----



WE THINK YOU COME WITH SHIP, KNOCK WITH FOOD FOR US!

I DID -- TILL THE SHIP BROKE HER SCREW IN THE ICE! TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO GET OUT THEIR BOATS, OR PUR! THE WALRUS ARE NEARER THAN THE SHIP!





THREE HOURS LATER —



WITH GREAT DARING, SHE SKIMS HARPOONS AN UNGUINDED BULL.



AS THE BEAST ATTACKS, THE BEARDED WHITE MAN IS PITCHED OUT.



DARTING IN WITH HIS DART, KING PLANTS A SHOT IN THE BEAST'S LITTLE BRAIN.



I'LL FREEZE!

CLIMB OUT AND KEEP MOVING! WE'LL GET A FIRE STARTED!









AREN'T THE "BORCAS"?

SERGEANT KING --- BACK
A LITTLE WITH BOATS?



KING? COME ABOARD! HOW MANY
BOATS? DID YOU BRING WITH
YOU?

ENOUGH,
CAPTAIN! AND
SOME HUNGRY
CRUIZERS!



COME ABOARD, ALL OF YOU! PLENTY
OF GRUB IN THE GALLEY!

PLENTY GRUB?
HAY! MAY?



KING CAN YOUR BOARDS
TAKE MY CREW ASHORE
TOMORROW? THAT IS, ALL
BUT TWO WHO WANT TO
STICK WITH ME!

THEY CAN
--- BUT
THEY WON'T
CAPTAIN!



THEY WON'T? THEN WHY
DID YOU BRING THEM AT ALL?

TO TOW YOUR SHIP IN,
CAPTAIN HALL? AND
WHEN WE GET THERE, IF
YOU HAVE A SPARE
PROPELLER---



WE HAVE, SERGEANT! WE CAN
SHIP IT, SINCE WE'RE IN THE
BAY! BUT ARE YOU SURE?
GREAT LOOKING BOATS---

--- TOW YOUR
SHIP? FEEL WITH
CALM WEATHER?
SHE'S NOT VERY
BIG?

NEXT MORNING, WITH A LIGHT FOLLOWING WIND, THE "SKEANS" MAKES SLOW BUT STEADY PROGRESS —



—UNTIL THE DRIFTING ICE PACK BARS THEIR WAY!



PLENTY SEAL ON ICE PACK, KING? WE'RE CROWD LIKE TO HUNT WITH US WHILE WE WAIT?

HOW ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN HALL? I'D LIKE TO GO!



GET THE RIFLES, BOYS! ESKIMOS SAY THERE ARE HAIK SEALS TO BE SHOT!

YEA-A-YAY!



CULTUS JOE WAS WITH THE ESKIMOS! WHY ISN'T HE COMING, SERGEANT?

HE'S NOT TO BE TRUSTED WITH A GUN BY ORDERS —



THE ROOM, WHICH TWISTS CALTUS JOE'S FEATURES, AS HE THINKS TO DO BELOW PROMISES NOTHING GOOD FOR THE MOUNTIE WHO DEARMED HIM.



THE END OF THE DAY FINDS KIM ONE OF THE LUCKY HUNTERS.

HERE'S MORE MEAT FOR YOUR PEOPLE, GAWAG?



RETURNING ABOARD, HE HEADS FOR HIS STATE ROOM, WITH NO THOUGHT OF DANGER, UNTIL —

I'LL CATCH FORTY WINKS OF SLEEP BEFORE I EAT...



I SHALL... SLEEPING JACKPUP!



DYNAMITE FOLD-LIGHTER!



CARRIED DYNAMITE --- TO BLOW ME SKY-HIGH! FUSE RIGGED TO LIGHT WITH A MATCH WHEN MY WEIGHT ON THE BURN MOVED IT! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN ABOARD WHO HAD THREATENED MY LIFE BEFORE --- CALTUS JOE!







ON THE FOURTH DAY --

THEY'VE DONE IT, KING --
BROUGHT US SAFELY IN!



YOU ARE SURE YOU WILL BE ABLE
TO MAKE REPAIRS HERE, CAPTAIN
HALL -- BEFORE YOU'RE FROZEN
IN?

--- IN TWO OR
THREE DAYS,
WITH LUCK,
SERGEANT?



YOU'LL BE RETURNING
WITH US, KING?

YES! I'LL SEE TO
HANDING OUT THE
FOOD SUPPLIES NOW --
AND I WANT A LOOK AT
CULTUS JOE'S ISLOT!



LATER -- INSIDE CULTUS JOE'S HUT --

THREE "POKES" OF GOLD OAST -- TAKEN
FROM THE MURDERED KELLY BROTHERS
LAST WINTER -- THREE HUNDRED MILES
FROM HERE --

AND GRUB! HE
KEPT ALL THROCK
BANK! THAT
WHY HE NOT
WANT TO HUNT
WALRUS! SOME
DAY WE'RE
WILL GO!



YOU SAVE US FROM CULTUS JOE --
YOU SAVE US FROM GO HUNGRY,
KING? I REMEMBER NOT FORGET!

AND ME, CAPTAIN HALL,
AND I -- WON'T FORGET
HOW YOU PEOPLE SAVED
HIS SHIP!



AS A MATTER OF FACT, COMRADE -- I KNOW THAT
CAPTAIN HALL IS MAKING A GIFT OF FIVE NEW
RIFLES TO YOUR HUNTERS -- ALONG WITH A
LOT OF TRADG GOODS TO MAKE THE WIVES
AND DAUGHTERS HAPPY! YOU DON'T
EXPECT THAT?

NIBBLING NEIGHBORS



Bob and Fred Devon hoped to reach their campsite in the Canadian Northwest woods before sundown, but rain, fog, and a flat tire had slowed them down so that it was dark when they turned off the dirt road and bounced up the rough trail they'd hacked out the year before.

"We sure picked a great day to start our vacation," grinned Bob. "We'll have to sleep in the jeep tonight."

"Born or shine it's great to be here," said Fred. "I can hardly wait to see our campsite again after nearly a year. I've been dreaming all winter of building that log cabin."

"We'll have a pretty good start with those logs we cut last year when we cleared the site. Might even have time to get started on a small dam across the brook so we can have a decent place to swim," Bob said as he swung around the last bend of the trail.

As the headlights of the jeep cut through the darkness they both gasped in amazement at their first glimpse of the campsite.

"Far Pete's sake! LOOK! The whole clearing is flooded!" cried Fred as he stared at a broad expanse of water that covered the whole cleared site. "How could that little brook have risen like that? It hasn't been raining that hard."

It was too dark to investigate what had happened, so they pulled the jeep off on high ground, and after a sandwich and some coffee from the Thermos jug, they prepared to sleep as best they could in the jeep.

They were both awakened at dawn by the sound of something crashing in the underbrush. Fred grabbed his rifle, and both of them climbed stiffly from the jeep. Skirting the flooded campsite, they moved cautiously downstream toward the sound.

Suddenly Fred stopped short and pointed. Bob looked. A pair of beavers were gnawing down a couple of saplings, and at the further end of the pond he could see the curved roof of a beaver's house rising above the water.

"So that's it!" exclaimed Bob, and at the sound of his voice, the beavers plunged into the water and disappeared.

Fred and Bob walked on to examine the dam the beavers had built across the stream. At once Bob saw that the main logs in the dam were the ones he and Fred had cut the year before.

"Same nerve," he exclaimed. "Look! They even took our log!"

"I'd call it real neighborly," said Fred, grinning. "This puts us a whole year ahead of schedule. They've built our swimming pool for us, and it's a fine job of engineering besides. Better than we could have done ourselves."

"Hey, you're right," agreed Bob. "We can build our cabin on that high rise of ground right by the clearing, and we'll have a pool right in our backyard."

As they walked back to the jeep, Fred said, thoughtfully, "I just hope we don't score them away after all the work they've done. Besides, if they stay, it will be just like having some free caretakers to keep the dam in repair when we're gone."

Later in the day they began laying out their new site. It had been very quiet all morning. Then they heard the sound of a small sapling falling, and they grinned at each other in relief.

"It looks like we passed the first neighborhood test," said Fred. "They've decided not to move out on us."

"I never thought we'd have to worry about pleasing neighbors out here in the wilderness," said Bob, grinning at his brother, "but I guess it's something you have to think about everywhere . . . and I kind of like it."

MEN OF THE WILDERNESS

JOHN McLOUGHLIN

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BORN OF SCOTTISH-IRISH PARENTS IN QUEBEC, YOUNG JOHN McLOUGHLIN STUDIED MEDICINE, BUT HIS HUGE FRANKLIN ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT DID NOT FIT A DOCTOR'S CAREER.



HE JOINED THE FAMOUS NORTH WEST COMPANY, AND BY THE YEAR 1841 WAS A HARDENED WOODSMAN IN THE CANADIAN WEST.



HE WAS WELL LIKED BY THE INDIANS, BEING BOTH KEEN AND FAIR IN TRADING FOR THEIR FUR PELTS, AND HE LOVED THE LIFE.



HE HAD RISEN TO LEADERSHIP IN THE COMPANY WHEN HE AND SOME OTHERS WERE ARRESTED BY LORD SELKIRK FOR A MASSACRE COMMITTED BY A DIFFERENT GROUP OF COMPANY MEN.



SINCE A CHANGE TO BONDAGE HAD TO BE MADE IN MONTREAL, McLOUGHLIN AND HIS FELLOW PRISONERS WERE SENT EASTWARD.



NEWPORT WAS LHM ON LAKE SUPERIOR & WIND SOU'LL SEAN THE CANOE, AND IT WAS EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!"



SOMEHOW M'LOUGHEIN MADE IT TO SHORE, ALONG HIS TRAIL HARDENED HIS SOLES AND BIG LEANS STRUNG HIM IN GOOD TIGHTS.



JOHN M'LOUGHEIN WAS AN ANGRY MAN! HE WAS INNOCENT --- AND HE DID NOT INTEND TO BE AN OUT LAW. HE CONTACTED FRIENDS FOR WEAPONS AND FOOD, AND TOOK THE TRAIL.



HE WENT STRAIGHT FOR THE HUDSON BAY POST CALLED YORK FACTORY AND DEMANDED A FAIR TRIAL TO CLEAR HIS NAME.



THE TRIAL TURNED OUT AS M'LOUGHEIN HAD HOPED --- HE WAS CLEARED OF ALL CONNECTION WITH THE RED RIVER MASSACRE.



AFTER THE UNBROKEN WAR BETWEEN THE NORTHWESTERS AND THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY ENDED, JOHN MCDONALD WAS SENT BY THE HUDSON'S BAY CHIEF TO OREGON.



THERE, SOME HUNDRED MILES FROM THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER, HE BUILT "FORT VANCOUVER." AS COMPANY REPRESENTATIVE, HE RULED THE LAND FROM ALASKA TO CALIFORNIA.



JOHN MCDONALD'S TRADE EXPANDED. HE LIVED LIKE A KING AND RULED WITH FIRMNESS. HE WAS GENEROUS, FAIR AND DEEPLY RELIGIOUS. HIS GREAT HALL, WHITE NOBMAN WAS CALLED SAW MANY A ROYAL FEAST.



IN 1822 A TERRIBLE PLAGUE STRUCK FORT WANE. BUT JOHN McLOUGHLIN, ONCE TRAINED FOR MEDICINE, DOSED HIS INDIAN NEIGHBORS, GOING LONG HOURS WITHOUT SLEEP!



HE TRIED TO PREVENT DELICIOUS PATIENTS FROM DROWNING THEMSELVES IN THE GREAT RIVER! HIS LOVE WAS GENUINE.



—AS WERE ALSO HIS TEARS OF GRIEF AS HE BURNED THOSE WHO DID NOT SURVIVE... TO ALL, HE WAS LIKE A FATHER.



BUT THE DAY OF THE GREAT DRUGGON FUR TRADE WAS PASSING! LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE RICH LANDS WERE SETTLED.



A GROWING RIVER OF EMIGRANTS FROM THE EASTERN STATES BEGAN TO FLOW INTO OREGON TERRITORY, TO ADDRESS IT!



BUT JOHN McLOUGHLIN HELPED THEM — AND FINALLY BECAME HIMSELF A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES.



KING

of the
Royal
Mounted

THE CARVED STICK

AT SHERIDAN'S TRADING POST, TERRIFIC KING MEETS A MYSTERY.

YOU SAY AN INDIAN FOUND THIS CARVED STICK FLOATING IN BATTLE RIVER, SAMP BELONG POARING CANYON?

YES, SERENANT! YOU NOTICE THE BARK IS STILL FRESH AND THE LETTERS "P.M.P." ARE STILL PLAIN!



WHITEWATER BILL GOMES ALWAYS SHOWS HIMSELF THAT WAY: CAN HARDLY WRITE HIS FULL NAME! CAN'T EVEN READ! AND HE NEVER SHOWED UP WITH HIS CATCH OF FURS LAST SPRING!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF ALL THIS, SAMP?



I THINK THAT CARVED STICK WITH HIS MARK ON IT---IS SOME KIND OF MESSAGE! HE'S IN TROUBLE, SERENANT!



MOOS-TOSS AND I HAVE AN DREAM OF THE BATTLE RIVER---SO WE'LL LOOK IN ON WHITEWATER HILL!---BY THE WAY, HESN'T BILL GOT A NEW NEIGHBOR?

YES---"STUB" MALAR, HE CALLS HIMSELF ON GOOSE CREEK!



TWO DAYS LATER---

HERE'S GOOSE CREEK, MOOS-TOSS! WE'LL CALL ON "STUB" MALAR---HA! WHAT'S WRONG, STARFIRE?







KEOW--!



STARFIRE'S KICK (BARELY) MISSES THE FURRY FUGITIVE!



HA-HA-HA! THE LOOK ON YOUR
FACE, JOOS-TOOS -- WHEN THAT
BEAR BUMPED YOU? JAKKA--!

JOON! BEAR
PLAY DIRTY
TRICK!



WELL! HE CERTAINLY TORE THINGS
APART!



THAT OLD CHUNK OF BACON --- THAT'S WHAT THE BEAR
WAS AFTER, BUT WE DON'T GIVE HIM TIME TO FIND IT!



HERE! A BULLET SPLINTERED THE
BUNK RAIL! AND THERE'S A SMEAR
--- LIKE DRIED BLOOD!













THE FIRST SIXTY FEET OF THE CLIMB IS DIFFICULT, EVEN WITH MOOSE-TOES HOLDING THE ROPE.



LONG MINUTES PASS! THEN A SCAREDHOWLING EMERGES FROM THE TREES -



AMONG THE ROAR OF THE RAPIDS, NO HUMAN VOICE CAN BE HEARD --- BUT THE CASTAWAY'S JOY IS PLAINLY BEYOND WORDS!



MINUTES LATER-- WITH THE TACKLE MADE FAST TO BOTH ISLAND AND CANYONSIDE-- WHITEWATER BILL IS BEING HAULED THROUGH THE WAVE CRISTS!



"MY TACKLE! BLOCKS? YOU FOUND 'EM IN MY CASKIN?"

"NO-- 'TIS STEWALD'S!"

"SO ON, BILL! WHY DID HE DO IT?"



"DID IT TO GET MY WINTER CATCH OF FUR, I PECKER! FIGURED NO ONE BUT THE FISH WOULD FIND ME! IF MY CASKS HADN'T GROUND ON THAT LITTLE ISLAND---'BOUT THE TIME I CAME TO--- HE'D HAVE GOT AWAY WITHIT! CASKS WAS SINKIN'--"

"SAY! AREN'T YOU SERGEANT KIM?"

"YES! TRADER SAM WILLIAMS GAVE ME A CARVED STICK YOU FLOATED DOWN THE RIVER---



NEVER! I CARVED A LOT OF 'EM! DIDN'T HAVE MUCH ELSE TO DO! I LIVED ON FISH AND BERRIES AND NOT ENOUGH OF EITHER! NEVER COULD HAVE LASTED OUT THE WINTER!



HOW ARE WE GOING TO CLIMB UP THAT WALL, KING?

ON THIS ROPE! I'LL TOSS THE END UP TO MOOS-TOOS! HE'LL PULL YOU UP!



HEY! THAT WAS A BULLET!



GUESSING INSTANTLY AT THE SHOOTER'S POSITION, KING OPENS RAPID FIRE.



---GIVING MOOS-TOOS TIME TO HAUL BILL UP OVER THE RIM!

USH---BUT FOUR NOW MOOS-TOOS START SHOOT-UP!



KING! HERE'S THE ROPE! COME ON UP!

KRAK! KRAK!





TWO HOURS LATER, MALAR COMES IN SIGHT OF THE "FURERAL" CACHE, MOVING QUICKLY, WATCHFULLY.



HE SHINKS UP, OPENS THE CACHE, AND DROPS BOTH FUR BALES TO THE GROUND.





A prehistoric world is set ablaze by the "Fight of the Firemakers"!

Read the Sept. **TUROK**

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JUICY FRUIT GUM *Safety Quiz*

Have Some Fun!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE

Pick out the mistakes and see how many stars you rate in the safety quiz. You rate one star for each mistake you find. See if you can be a "Five-star safety expert".

(To find out what score you made, turn the page upside down.)



Tell your kids that chewing JUICY FRUIT GUM helps keep your teeth clean and that it won't spoil your appetite. Ask her to bring home a few packages.

HEBERT'S A "5-STAR" IDEAL

ANSWERS: "Ducking" another person with water
• Eating just before going swimming • Playing ball in the middle of a crowd • Swimming outside safety zones • Throwing sand in another person's face.

